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## Two Poems

Carlyle MacPhail

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## Sea Water

Is now there a rhythm beneath?  
A lapping blue beneath the earth?  
A flow of people: a steady ebb of  
dreams  
desires  
desire for desires  
that might be collected  
in a red plastic pail like  
so many grains of sand  
so many fragile coloured shells  
that end up in grandmother's rock garden  
or on a special shelf  
and, years later,  
found crushed and crusted  
in the far back corner of a desk drawer  
still kissing the damp soil

## Electricity

musical steps:

water rolling down down down  
faster than the *ad fontes* cheers above;  
what is the place of water?

the ocean and its salt form castles of water  
bubbling up little windows and drying clear  
waiting for the stones to return  
and wash it away bit by bit

never changing waves  
loud in their attempt  
their crests pointing upwards  
white wave after white wave

beautiful and supple  
the small perfection  
of evaporation  
and decay

but music alone cannot leave  
the sticky sublime  
of ocean borne undried  
kelp on human tongues

**CARLYLE MACPHAIL** grew up on the shores of the Atlantic Ocean and now lives with his wife and a cat on the shores of Lake Superior where he works as an educator and plays as a competitive sailor. He gladly owes his love of poetry and story to his grandparents.